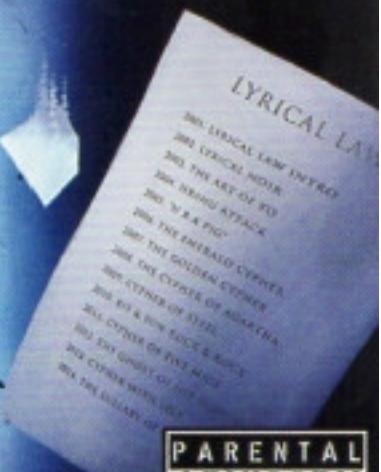


CANIBUS

Lyrical Law

Canibus



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Lyrical Noir"

[Intro:]

Lyrical Noir

This is Lyrical Law

Say it some more

Lyrical Law

Lyrical Noir

"I'm sick and tired of what you've been saying about me in the media"

Yo

Give me some more slack on this rope

I run your boney ass throat over in a zodiac boat

46 degrees north, 6 degrees east

The Large Hadron Collider gave birth to a beast

That speaks, they quote my speech

Vocal motifs over dope beats, all lyricists know me!

That's why the industry's debunking my lyrics

With digital trunking equipment, they don't want you to listen!

The Ripper's language won't appeal to the masses because they look past it

Only the masters know the seal of the scarab

Some humans are born average based off environmental circumstances

You organic piece of shit, you substandard

But do not be embarrassed by your underdeveloped status

It's up to you to find the right questions and ask it

Research leads to results sometimes we find meaning after

Other times they're just meaningless babblers

Don't believe these rappers, fake unbelievable bastards

Comet Elenin is coming straight at us, don't believe NASA

Take matters into your own hands

Stop being slow and acting like hoes, get with the fucking program

Hip Hop is the greatest genre known to man

If we focus, the poetry is so advanced

We can overthrow any plan and control man

You got soul? Let's Jam! Lyrical Law I'm the Canibus Man

What's the buy-in minimum? 88 sales, program

And the number of stores, I don't care no more

This is Lyrical Law Noir hardcore raw Metaphors for you and yours

You can't say you wasn't warned!

Thousands of bars, them dummies couldn't stomach my bars

They rather conform, they throwing up their pompoms

You don't wanna wrestle with Armstrong

We sever blood vessels tryna mess with the God's poem

Damage any motherfucking beat that I rhyme on

Connect to the God's thoughts, possess your iPod, I grind hard

Intellectual hardboard, take it back to Hip Hop Style Wars

Grunting like a pack of wild boars

Power source Lyrical Law my bomb squad full force

Call 'em off we got too much torque

Nitrous Oxide Bars pull a bull of course
Pitch fork to you neck just to prove I'm raw
Iron horse, smack DVD, Battle Rap dwarf
Slap you with the flat part of the sword, now you back for more
Passing yourself off like a Rap star
But you support wack bars that's why rap has lost -- fact!
You a Cool J crack whore,
You snitch like police Labradors tryna sniff out sasquatch
Man up, no more lip service and back wash
Stand up! Ima break off you're back paws
Thor's hammer crack jaws, attack y'all, fracture your skull
Mountain man axe to your loins
Self-employed like Donald Goines, cash cows on steroids
I don't fall for deceptions or decoys
I'm a beast and I'm clairvoyant
Your soya won't tear the beat up whether or not you appear on it
Double trouble dear promise fuck you and your comments
The chairman of Lyrical Law will be honoured
The last man standing, after the internet is abandoned
James Cameron with a gamma ray cannon
..... brainwashed Hip Hop

And they came from Saturn, they were the first alien race of rappers
They landed in North Africa, their teeth be gnashing
Their names look like acronyms, they released the Kraken,
They live in underground cabins
They slither fast through the inner-earth labyrinth
They move in S-patterns though deep planet chasms
I chase 'em and trap 'em, detailing the action
For tryna desecrate the Sabbath of the lyrical master, faggots
I laid them on top of each other like Abu Ghraib
They spacecraft look like the Eiffel Tower in Paris
They pray on my downfall they orchestrated Hip Hop's imbalance
They underestimated my talent
I hold the globe up like Atlas
They lied about Canibus -- ask 'em
I'm the world's greatest motherfucking rapper!
They slandered my character through private and public propaganda
They tell the people I'm Dr. Doppelganger
They ask me shit, that they know I'm not gonna answer
Extinction Level Event, they can't stop the disaster
Cocksucker stop the camera, 'cause you know that I'm a miserable bastard
I crack lens, break microchips and melt plastic
You Canibus? - Who's asking?
That's Captain Cold Crush to you maggot, you a lyrical has-been
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet
The microphone assassin 'bout to get at 'em
The Dragon of Judah breathe fire 'til his last breath
Full Battle Rattle in action lyrical Metal Jackets
Coming through with several new attachments
Computers is crashing, hackers is laughing

Rapid eye movement, try to keep up with the captain, what's happening?

Canibus Lyrics

"The Art Of Yo"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino)

[Born Sun]

Bastard style with no father tryna claim the kid
I called it X cos I ain't even tryna name the shit
Sundullah, see me on the stage with Rip
Nitrogen lungs yo my tongue mix propane with spit
And I'm nice, the voice of Christ resurrected through mics
Son of God, Son of Man, helping some of y'all will overstand
Crash the Vatican as soon as I land
I'm 'bout to set it on man in the gulf of Adan
I stand in the Garden of Eden, unbeaten, undefeated
I Tweeted pictures of Eve, tonguing Jesus
Scientology guides put my rhymes on photography slides
To quantify the higher knowledge applied
But I'm an uncaged animal channeling Hannibal
A cannibal bite your head off and hand it to you
SpitBoss, centrifugal force different from yours
Sun is Born, this is Lyrical Law, Yo!!!

[break]

[K-Rino]

I've never been a friendly author, don't need a gangster beat to make me off ya
I'll slaughter ya while playing Cyndi Lauper
Better than y'all, give me one competitive brawl
I throw a hundred miles an hour with a medicine ball
I melt your fortress down to caramel softness
Drive a charger through ya torso, parallel parking
That cosmic ray beam effect, I Hiroshima wreck
Rap disaster so tragic they gave his ass a FEMA check
Cadence is radiant, I predated Arcadians
I stayed with the brigade of alien ecto sapiens
Hit your through the atrium of heavenly light
Once I smite you, like a left arm you'll never be right
I've used every word possible to let you know what I can do
So I made something new, I'll collipherously clobber you
You ain't legitimate, you posing like a model
Dude I'll throttle you, liquidate and sixteen ounce bottle you

[break]

[Canibus]

I'm tryna figure out, who this nigga barking at
Before his heart gets snatched, run up on him in a stocking cap
Keep barking like you hard, get stalked and clapped
Come in the cage you get stomped on the mat
Carve your name in the axe, then chop you in the back

Hack off your femur bones, beat you with them like bats
Put your remains in some saran wrap, dump them in an alcohol vat
 You can rap but you ain't all that
 Step inside, close the door, fuck you yawning for?
Kick your head off, now it's rolling on the floor like a bowling ball
 Open the door, clean this fucking mess off my wall
 And don't ever mention his name no more
 You dig, you follow me nigga, I follow you quicker
You got a weak ticker, told you not to fuck with the Ripper
Have you showing your true colours, drinking blood from ya liver
 You a dickrider and you an Indian giver
Waging war with some gorillas, I'll bludgeon you by the river
 The bar range is pissing he gon find you while you fishing
 Fistula face, herpes simplex I'll break
 Alienated aliens get ate by alien apes
 You food nigga, throw yourself over the gate
 How does alien taste? Like mammalian waste
 You ain't swift you's a dumb fuck

I'll have you breathing like your lungs got struck by two-hundred pound nunchucks
 Brave motherfuckers get slayed for Hip Hop if you love it
 Like Kill Bill between a hundred gay lovers
 I'm the illest nigga say something...
Yeah I thought so, shut the fuck up things will go back to normal
 I ain't happy tho, now I'm in battle mode
The president of Hip Hop with mad motherfuckers on the grassy knoll
 I take it back to my Curriculum days
 What you say? I body you in meticulous ways
 Cos you thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze
 Let me tell you something, don't pop shit fistula face
 Battle league nigga, talking shit's for amateurs nigga
 Goddammit, y'all living off fantasies nigga
 You wanna battle that bad, aight go get your camera
When it's my turn, I got a four and a half pound answer
 When I was young, I took down hard targets
 You a sausage nigga, for coming at me like a novice
 You never heard 'Fraternity of the Impoverished'?
 Motherfucker, can't you see that I'm an artist
 I don't want them childish problems
Lyrical manslaughter charges interfere with my Lyrical Law process
Out rap me, that's preposterous, metaphor marksman mudswamping
 We hunt down Hip Hop monsters
Skin 'em alive tie their carcass to the bottom of my Polaris
 And drive them all the way to Wisconsin
Partner, fuck around, throw your ass under the bus face down
 Lay down, we gonna wait for this greyhound
 The fuck you gonna say now?
 Do me a favour, stop weighing me down
 Fucking clown, Lyrical Law is too muscle bound
 Houdini style nigga, just struggle and drown
 Get it over with you can never fuck with my style
 You got raped nigga, you bleeding, don't touch my towel
 You can spit them wack juice punchline lines all you want
 But don't front, bottom line, I'm a champ, you a chump

You can spit your stupid punchlines all you want
But after this the whole world gonna see who won
That's what you wanted right, get the fuck off my mic

Canibus Lyrics

"The Emerald Cypher"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino, Killah Priest)

[Intro:]

Niggaz listen to this shit right now
Got this shit goin down
That New World Order, niggaz is holdin it down
Niggaz ain't ready man, everybody know what time it is man
Y'all niggaz listenin to this shit right now
All my niggaz in the street
Man y'all niggaz know what time it is, are they ready?
Let's see it, let's see if these niggaz is ready man

[Killah Priest:]

My brain is a coliseum unfinished, an art museum that none vision
A masoleum before the sun risen
Dark wisdom, break the order of the magic witches
The tablet that we gifted, fall in the hands of the music business
The sacred oath, to snake his post
He flinches, I take his ghost
Shadow war, we battle for
The emerald wing that unfold wings
When you enter the temple they sing, hieroglyphs
Up a spiral cliff, follow the monk for months
Close your eyes when his disciples is sent
Every morn' the first satellite hit
I spit, the prayer laws recite from scripts
Then it's back to the silence
Patient observe the lotus bud, I write the scroll on each clove
This is discipline before beast mode
Follow G-O-D code
Fondle my prayers beads, under a pear tree, this prepares me
Then a chair was formed by the bees
I bared the dare, come around me
I won't speak for weeks, I hold my tongue
Now I can hold the Sun - how is it I outnumber y'all?
And y'all got me by 6 to 1 (y'all got me by 6 to 1)

[Born Sun:]

The Elohim hold court in the ether
Decidin the fate of the human race I plead my case through the speakers
Sun the rapper who mastered the dark matter
The God particle mass created to smash atoms
Deal with energies that vibrate at higher frequencies
Your chakra's gotta be in line to even speak to me
Journey through time and I doubt you'll ever find
A shine on mines like mine that dwarf Einstein
See I confuse Confucius, with a complex theory of evolution
With mind power that devoured Isaac Newton

Heaven on Earth? Nah! It's more like some sort of Hell
War with Satan ground shakin from the mortar shell
Escape the Matrix like Morpheus
Dodgin bullets in slow motion like we smokin some dust
But my third eye's bright enough to spar with the Dalai Lama
Verbal projectiles pierce spiritual body armor
I'm a, master builder from an enslaved mason
Tryin to hide my true identity as my creation
Lines I scribed identify who I'm facin
It's war! And either you a God or a Satan
"Lyrical Law" draws a paper thin between love and hate
Decide if you destroy or create
They think it's verbal but this warfare is spiritual
We box 'em in, apply pressure to his physical
Check one two, who got more style than Sun do?
None do, solar flare your Earth duke, son you
I body the mic, I body the beat
I body the emcee with the audacity to flow after me

[K-Rino:]

My automated system got eight wicked concoctions
If that don't satisfy press nine for more options
BOOOOP, I can't believe you just did that
Twenty thousand wigs just concurrently slid back
Ha~! I blow flames in hot dosages
If I get too thirsty the Earth'll be oceanless
Feelings don't move me, I guess I'm emotionless
Sick party host, pinata full of locustses
Bobbin for live grenades inside a bucket
I know the plural pronounciation is "locust" but fuck it!
What are the percentages, of a man actually choken to death
After swallowin phonetic images?
I spit unlimited pandemics, they're liberally distributed
Millions of rappers skin grafts and can't spit it
As I child I would see and slay; they'd check my room
And find my imaginary friend's imaginary DNA
It's gutwrenching - my ultimate intention
Is to sit on top of The Tower of Infinite Ascension
K-Rino the agg' jacker who ravages natural
Like Z in the alphabet I keep comin after you
The judge said for the sake of my health
I've been ordered to stay a hundred miles away from myself
You ain't hard! You a fake, I won't stop until I've blown his cover
You softer than the baby sister of a Jonas Brother

[Canibus:]

You ain't a behavioral scientist, why you dyin to spit?
You try too hard when you rhymin with 'Bis, try again
Approved this for public release, fuck with the beast
With bucked teeth bust your guns or get rushed in the streets
Handcuffed to the back of the Jeep, blindfolded
You hear a foreign language they speak, you do not know it
Kidnapped to Kemet through Khartoum to parched sand dunes

To a dark room, to witness your doom
Bash you in the face with the mag, rope around your neck
Over a tree branch, hoist you up with three sandbags
You shit yourself, your pants sag
Global broadcast, man that's sad, they lynched him in the lab
Twenty-four apprentices for hardcore fellowship
Twenty-four masters, twenty-four lyricists
Dead to the world, alive to the hearts that are pure
If you endure your mind's opened doors
Complete the last step without crossin my rep
Who's next? What possessed you to jump off a cliff?
I spit darts, once you stop the hip-hop juggernaut
Kill you bloodclot, you stink like jungle rot
Me I'm a Hermann Bushido Dogan Shotokan
The prototype of the first proto rhyme
With combined payloads, my glide bombs provide flows
That cause World War II death tolls at live shows
Independently targeted, bombin shit from so high up
In the atmosphere you lose consciousness
No oxygen, only Canibus anti-oxidants
Think about it, why spit into a bottomless pit?
I'm so isolated lyrically, they put me in a desert facility
To test my abilities, check out my melodies
Designed by Pratt & Whitney, rap so swiftly
TAW-50 following me cause you're with me
Your high bars are lukewarm, let me school y'all
Intravenously cold blooded coolin coils are runnin through my jaws
The Sun's hot - I'm warmer; the metaphor explorer
I give a order, you can't cross the border!
We ain't religions, don't talk about the Torah
We'll crucify you on the cross for a quarter
Welcome to my House of Slaughter, signing on the roster
Go downstairs, put your stuff in the locker
And come back, let me see what you got son, I dropped him
Rappers steppin to me? I ain't the one
Spontaneous nucleonic you the opposite, be honest
You produce reduced knowledge, your discography is dishonest
Both promise, change your name to MC Silence
Yes, your album inspired me, no I didn't buy it
Talk back, nigga get fired
I'll erase your verse off the track so fast you'll wake up tired
Candles go out, darkness infiltrate the house
What the fuck he talkin 'bout? He got a mental case mouth
I forced him to his knees, told him to face South
Empty your PayPal bank account 'fore I blow your brains out
Untouchable since the day I came out
That's why these wack niggaz keep callin my name out
How the fuck they gon' change that now? How they sound?
I'm a put him in the ground, "Lyrical Law" style
How you liked at me then, how you liked me now
How you liked me in the future when I'm wearin that crown
The crown is invisible, you don't have to be a loud individual
You act like hip-hop is all you listen to

If that's true, this is for you
Then I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do
If that's true, this is for you
And I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do

Canibus Lyrics

"The Golden Cypher"

(feat. Ras Kass, K-Solo)

[Ras Kass]

Uhh

Rap so klepto, any mic I steal

Y'all niggaz don't belong here like Michael Steele

at a Republican Party, I go for [?]

Leave cum stains on Sarah Palin's veneers for sure

Like I'm in Mordor, tryin to burn the ring up

The black semi knock your block off like playin Jenga

Have sex with the whole world just by raisin my middle finger

But y'all don't hear me though, (Inga)

And just like that I'm back spittin nasty as (Foxy)

Then I'ma stop servin y'all like the soup nazi

Happy Days, then I'ma spin off like (Joanie Loves Chachi)

Burn rubber, the Maserati mach three

Screamin mazeltov at my aki

(Squad) vomit at Keith Shocklee for the beat made of broccoli

Got a Palestinian girl, her pussy the bomb

Get it? Blew up, you can't stop me

[Canibus]

That's right, I wreck melody, so much energy

Why get on the track if you can't stand next to me?

So much energy it's a felony

Your microphone memory remember me, this is your penalty

You can't keep up mentally, you can't rhyme intelligently

Do it on the track, can't do it in front of me

You frontin, you and your man get all psyched up like it's Fight Club

Times up, you lost, life sucks

So does your wife slut, got a nice cunt

Last night we wiped white stuff on her butt

True power cannot be achieved by fightin over the mic

You can't compete with Canibus, aight?!

If your hat's turned to the back and you rap be prepared to scrap

You don't have to be scared of no strap

Cause your mind overstand all that

Fall back or no more contact with the Gods of rap

Go back to the "Lyrical Law" lab, first of all you trash

You can't add all the rhymes you had

Your mouth is a wound and your tongue is a scab

This is a concept the young mind doesn't grasp

That old stick in the mud, will put a gold bullet in a gun

Show you where red blood comes from

But that's not what you want, you want love

Where does that come from? Define that you bum

One thing at a time, intertwined as one mind

The proto in the prime of one perpetual line

No evil one I can divide, no matter the times try
No matter the lies that claim otherwise
Slumdog drug lord, guns drawn, motherfuck guns laws
You catch a big mini-gun gun charge
This is "Lyrical Law" not lyrical war
This is spiritual God, get your lyrics [echoes]

[K-Solo]

I'm nice with everything but chopsticks
Eyes couldn't see my style with glasses or binoculars made of optics
Stop it, slam it, rappers couldn't scoop a topic
Let alone follow they finger to mock this
Caught your hand on my style kid, put it in your pocket
If you can't get it home, what the fuck is the logic?
Want my devices, send my boys in to send fire to the ground
Hang my flag and brag, who's the nicest?
My Fort Knox, like Bunker Hill, [?] emcees guerrillas
Rhymin to go banana, breaks performed by Mad Drill
Man chill, your man'll get killed
And when they dump his ass off they gon' find him in a landfill
If I have to I will, that's on the real
I'm (Destiny's) only (Child) of the pay, on these girl group "Bills"
Word to Arthur Kill, Gun Hill for real
Wolf Gang, Murder Mouth, it's the king of the hill

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher Of Steel"

(feat. K-Rino, Skarlit Rose)

[Intro]

It don't take nuttin to play exclusives man
I wanna see niggaz get down with the motherfuckin skills man
That's what really count man, any motherfuckin body
can play, motherfuckin exclusives man
It's about, the creativity, the blends, the mixes
The skills nigga! Take it back to the essence of this shit man
Let muh'fuckers see what you can REALLY do

[K-Rino]

I'll give you one clue to guess what my rap gun do
Like kung-fu, I got a steel pallet I practice runnin my tongue through
Ninety extra inches my lung grew, I stun you
And when I'm done a paraplegic'll outrun you
You want head trauma, real soon I'ma promise I'ma
drop seeds that blow up like the Unabomber's momma
Y'all know what happens when a rapper starts yappin
I'll be bionic orangutan hand back stabbin
I break light speed surge and illustrate verbs
His career was so short his bio was eight words
See I'm admittin the sentence was well written
except THIS motherfucker should have never started spittin!
I'm too triflin to let him life again
I'm stiflin pain permanently by feeding you nitrogen Vicodin
See some of the worst speakers that I know
could vegetabilise your flow like pico de gallo
Boy you got a lot of balls, playin with a dude
that can telekinetically extract bricks out of walls
If you come in my zone dissin my curriculum
I chew your ass out like the flavor in a stick of gum

[Skarlit Rose]

The linguistic league bitches, cutthroat, smeared lipstick
Wrists slit and I suggest you keep the [?] dissin before
you wake up in a tub to only find your ogans missin
Make sure to leave your tongue, with hopes you continue spittin
Dickridin, label providin, your fraudulent image
You the type of silly hoe to have no sense to begin with
Listen hooker emcees, on a mission of death, last breath
Your final rest, baby who got next?
I pop your lungs from your chest cavity
You consider your amateur blow to be challenging well then battle me!
I'll be waiting six feet, beneath the sheets of your thesaurus
Deep defeat, crack your teeth, no AutoTune on my chorus
Distorted your image, while drownin all your hopes and wishes
Revenge is served cold on a set of dirty dishes

Snitches, yeah, haven't you heard?
I'll put my barrel in your mouth and show you what a women's worth

[Canibus]

This is the definitive guide, on beats and rhymes
On how to get a black eye fuckin with those black guys
You better listen to what I'm sayin and teach yourself
Or I'll give you a belt and watch you beat yourself
Told you don't make a sound if you do they will put you down
Then all I'ma say is look at you now
Hip-Hop was not based off risk on a primal level
We rhymin with you, not rhymin at you
You better understand this shit or get talked to in Arabic
Banana clip, you don't wanna talk to Canibus
You talk about bars, my upper torso crawl up the wall
in your house through your window boy
Burglar bars get ripped off, bite off your arm
Leave (Jigsaw) scars, that's just a doll
This is Thunderdome hall, decoded like Sean
The laser beam scan the apartment, it's gone
Metaphorical wizard, the Oracle visit every four minutes
Until I finish, you bring me more Guiness
I'm like Devin the Dude, and Mexican food
with some Mexican dude and some gunslingers too
Come through, call the airstrike on your hood
Evacuate every bitch that make love so good
So what you wan' do? E'rybody chillin, we cool
Don't have to rip the face off no fool
That ain't "Lyrical Law" that's a lyrical rule
I ain't did this before, I don't wanna be cruel
I just wanna be loved, but the world wants blood
So we barricade the doors and wait for the noise
Nature boy, my name is deployed, the cave is destroyed
If you mention his name, he gets annoyed
Cause boys should not play with psychotic toys
A boy should not talk with a psychotic voice
Stand before me, don't plead no case
Cause you passed "Lyrical Law", you already great
So take your place next to any emcee that's great
In the Most High's name we pray
"Lyrical Law"

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher Of Five Mics"

(feat. Chino XL)

[Intro: Canibus samples scratched]

"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"

"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"

"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"

"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"

"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"

"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"

"The Canibus is ill like that"

[Chino XL]

I murder a sixteen to the point that it's embarrassing

Hide a grenade in my jeans, douse the booth in kerosene

Shatter your heart's main vein pipe

Insane at night I might have your career disappear in plain sight

Throw you off the top of a church, stab you with a steeple

I'm bloodying punchlines like I assaulted a hundred zebras

Non-believers and their Lyric Jesus is haters that savor

They're afraid since my native halo in the cradle

became a famous behemoth misbehavin angel

Insane but able with razors scrapin your face through ya neighbours naval

A fatal fable from Satan's table with an unstable brain cable

I'm hateful, blame it on being bi-racial

I'm psychologically an anomaly

Should be given formal apologies, honestly, a human oddity

A commodity, Godly when rapist spittin, his blood spillin

Chino so stuck up, gotta peel me off the fucking ceiling

I'm bringin so much beef it'll make a Hindu kneel

Too hard to kill you, heart's unequal beat you 'til you partial gristle tissue

Too fast for a photo, I slash the rapper who'd be homo

Leave him just skull and crutches like Jackass's movie logo

Burn down your fuckin apartment, barricade the fire escape

What I spit is rape, Chino make nightmares try to stay awake

You've never had a fly quote and nigga you and I know

the best thing you'll ever write is a suicide note

Get the fuck outta here! (Five Mics, yeah)

[scratched Canibus samples]

"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"

"The Canibus'll separate your body from your spirit"

"I'm the baddest motherfucker"

"What I'm spittin in your ear

was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

[Canibus]

Canibus and Chino XL, rebels from Hell

He's a giant, I'm a stinger missile totin Keebler elf

Keep to myself, strategic for stealth; if I don't need it I leave it
believe it I kept it greasy for more than 60 seasons
Tear the target to pieces reload and repeat it
I got a billion bars but I ain't got the time to release it
And you ain't got the time to listen to it, hitman music
Blow a hole through your head and piss through it
cause you ain't fit to do this
He vocalled it first, I vocalled it second
Lyrics get murdered, we move in and do the forensics
Shut down your studio sessions, DNA analysis and collections
Cause Mic checking is a Ripper's jurisdiction
I'm a telepathic detective, blast you with a non-kinetic weapon
back to the essence beyond (The Outer Limits)
Wicked and wretched, send you a message, we lure yo' ass out to the desert
Motherfuckers prepare for the unexpected
We meet, symbolic technique, anabolic release
Any emcee gets weak when he knows he's dead meat
If I strike you'll be red for weeks
You might check in with a beast that'll tan you like the Mexican heat
The steps to my monastery are steep
If you still feelin froggy when we get to the top - then let's leap!
Inhale the hydrogen mist, then try to get hyper than 'Bis
It can't get no hyper than this
"Lyrical Law," hands on, jet turbo fans on
Aviators are drawn into a criss-cross sand launch
Turn starboard but still can't dodge, bank hard
S.O.S call command coms, concentrate can't talk
Not out of the woods yet, you can't thank God
The red baron's hair is as long as Susan Sarandon
War Hawks and red hawks launch out the underground airforce
You bail out like Amelia Earhart
SEER training is for naught, I caught you before I finished my cigar
You a prisoner of "Lyrical Law"
Yeah! Now I'ma seal the whole area off
What the fuck you thought? Ain't nobody scarin me off, AIGHT?
Niggas be rhymin like they lazy and soft
Get ate by the SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law"
Yeah, niggaz be rhymin like the lazy and soft
Then get ate by a SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law" - fuck you!
(Get the fuck outta here)

[*Canibus samples scratched*]
"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"
"The Canibus is ill like that"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"
"The Canibus'll seperate your body from your spirit"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average" "Canibus"

"What I'm spittin in your ear
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

Canibus Lyrics

"The Ghost Of Hip Hop's Past"

[first minute of the song is DJ shoutouts]

[Canibus]

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long infinity gon' last...

Wake up, what is the date? 1988
Hip-Hop is barely exposed to the emotion and hate
I hibernate, rhymin from space, my first album ten years late
I tried to take it to a positive place
But it was like a communist state, I tried to escape
My label shot me in the back as I was climbin the gate
I woke up, now I'm awake, I found democracy to be fake
Hip-Hop sucks, who made it this way?
I was a teenager when hip-hop saved the day
Paychecks paid the way, not radio play
Some artists had knowledge of self, that little bit of honesty helped
Violent lyrics promoted positive guilt
So even when you thought the message was negative it promoted positive health
It was about the rhymes, not wealth
It was about our culture, not about what the culture could sell
It was a path to enlightenment, not Hell
We amused ourselves and this confused everybody else
I memorized "Rock the Bells"
I memorized "Tales for the Crack Side" I used to rock gazelles
EPMD, "You Gots to Chill"
Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick, Pete Rock, "Mistadobalina" was Del
Cold Crush Crew, Melle Mel
Sugar Hill, Salt-n-Pepa, Sweet Tee pretty as hell
Shante dimple on her face, pretty as well
I used to wanna smell the pale Roxanne's taie
Technics 1200, beat it like an SB-12
Lord Finesse the punchline king, Heavy D was doing his own thing
Dio and McGruff used to hold things
Biz Mark's big ass gold chain
One day I think I saw the Jungle Brothers dancing on Soul Train
Marley Marl, Craig G, Master Ace, Big Daddy Kane
Kool G Rap put me under his wing
On the road to lyricism, with Rakim and them
Some real lyricists, Eric B. was sick with the zigga-ziggas
I know I'm trippin, it's been a minute
So many brothers and sisters it's hard to remember who did it
Memories disappear like Whodini
My friends disappeared faster than my budget when my producer was greedy
{"Fat, Boyyyyyyyys"} feed me
I've been eatin emcees, you still don't believe
Brand of wool, brown teeth, red blood leak from Black Sheep

Whenever the horns blow it gets deep
Digging In The Crates for my niggas in the street
Diamond D had the "Best Kept Secret" for weeks
D-Nice said, "Bis, you a beast", Redman said, "Peace"
Def Jam said I couldn't compete
Killah Priest spit "Heavy Mental" before "Heavy Mental" was released
Accapella, no instrumental beat
My Girbauds would hang low, no crease
Timbs on the feet, Cold Cheeks had a Lex
Tom Leek had the MPV, J Rav had the Jeep
Clark Kent had the Tahoe, Charles bought a 4.6 because of Jay-Z
The program director's name from Hot 97 was Tracy
Tragedy Khadafi, Queens' first intelligent Prodigy
Probably the first Arab Nazi
K-9 Posse chew you up like blue chnk chopped meat
MC N-I-N-E
"This is the way we walk in New York"
"Throw Ya Gunz" in the air if you ready for war
Throw your hands the air if you ready for more
If I don't like the way you look, I'ma tear your face off
The Undergod, underground lord
When it comes to "100 Bars" you niggaz know who to ask for!
I woke up in the mornin, on a regular day
I knew my nigga K-Solo would be around my way
I washed off my Thor hammer, the trigger mechanism lubricate
It was time to destroy the place
He kept sayin if I spit my rhymes on the mic
in no time, I would be back in the limelight
I said, "Solo, nowadays I don't feel rap
Cause it ain't like it used to be, the shit is whack"
He said, "No 'Bis, trust Wolfgang, cause I know my shit
You already know the flows I spit"
We love hip-hop, we gotta pay homage to the shit
I love hip-hop... *[fades out, comes back as scratching]*

[repeat 2X]
Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long "Lyrical Law" gon' last

[Canibus]
DJ Immortal, get it kid! YEAH!

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher With Self"

[Canibus]

People ask me what is Lyrical Law, in its most original form
Lyrical Law is just a language that I use to describe various components of lyrical fitness, and that was all
Then they said they wanted me to break that down, cause I made that style
So that's why I'm making this now, I'm gonna show you how, stay with me

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort
First lesson, check it
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact with a higher power is a message
I said it, all contact with a higher power is a rare credit, only angels on the guest list

[Urban Rose]

We've had enough of the lies
We won't keep believing your disguise
Ain't no way to break through
If you keep believing what they tell you
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to your knees
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

[Canibus]

Yo, Lyrical Law flow, open the hyperdimensional window
The cold is a node, unbounced
Lightening bolts that branch out fangs to the throat
You can't speak on the truth cause you're a mainstream ho
From the dirt floor in the hut, to the mansion on stilts and struts
They are alive, but they haven't lived much
It's almost time to get in touch, they will whine and discuss
This is for their own good, Canibus
Hip Hop, what a rush, turn sucka MC's to slush, such and such and such
Enough, none of them was hits, they was near missed
I ain't talking about that, I'm talking about this
2012, classified patterns, only the first couple of thousands got to do with rapping
I've been rapping since rap happened
Half of y'all rappers is tap dancing, other half of y'all is lap dancing
The man in the mirror laughing at the Melatonin Magik
Yeah, they all laughing till the Spaceships landed

[Urban Rose]

Sorrow leads the way

Always broken with their wicked mind.

They're falling away

'Cause there is no truth within their eyes

No place, no place to go

[Canibus]

But not you Canibus, your sorrow will be your advantages

But you must control how to channel it

4th dimensional shifts are sandwiched

Between this reality and a 5th dimensional rift

The teacher doesn't talk in anaglyphs

But you miss understand Canibus, hip hop gave him a chance to exist

The most advanced lyricism ever spit

And all they keep talking about is some stupid random shit

Just talk about the good, stop talking about the bad

Cause other peoples business will beat yo ass

Somebody new showed up, and we don't like him

They bathe in human corpse dismembered to their liking

And all I'm doin is rhyming, Thats not violent

Imma shut up, to deactivate this bomb we need silence

Knowledge, is the reason that we bleed violet

The leaders acknowledge this and profit

They are the watchers of the prophets

Post Apocalyptic, must stop ot

Fear is not an emotion, fear is not an option

They paralyze your motor skills, I could live without it

You call that a thrill? I doubt it!

[Urban Rose]

We've had enough of the lies

We won't keep believing your disguise

Ain't no way to break through

If you keep believing what they tell you

'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe

So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees

Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage

We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

[Canibus]

Steel cables repel downward to inner mountain

Look around it, Sasquash is on my next album

The savage lookin for salvage, Not talkin about them

I'm talkin about us

Theres probably only a thousand left

Lyrical Law is your only outlet

Get out while you still can and forget about it but don't doubt it

I water the garden, the metal growin out the ground hardens

My lyrics give me presidential pardon

I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe

This law is the mortar between stones

I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe

We are one Soul in separated zones

We control our souls and the microphones

That control the sound waves that this Law exposes

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Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Vs. Poet Laureate (Director's Cut)"

[Intro: 'Gladiator' sample]

You have proved your valor yet again

Let us hope for the last time

But there's no one left to fight, sire

There is always somebody left to fight

[Knowledge God]

Are you an ego monster, writing ten thousand bars?

I'll melt your squid face with ten thousand stars

Your battle raps dried up like the ass of the Sphinx

And your brains fried up my verses make your ball shrink

I'll kill you like Marie Curie with Ionizing Radiation

You are facing termination by your own creation

My metaphors mechanics will toss you off the planet

You smoke too much chronic, my vocab is volcanic

Infinite beings with black bars, that eat through rap stars

Travel time in fast cars, you fire past Mars

I ran back home to battle Rip on the phone

Right after I cracked Can-I-Bitch with the Mayan Sun Stone

You say we'll live without fear for several millions years

If you hold hands with your peers like a bunch of queers

My Stryker Brigade driver, strike a gay rapper

I leave Rip dehydrated with lines of hot lava

I tie you up with a snake shaped like a sideways eight

And watch you break and suffocate at an unrelenting pace

Mechanical skeletal structure was designed with a Heavy Mental

Your mind's left behind, it's as light as a feathered quill

The Will of Knowledge God controls thoughts and movement

And force Can-I-Bitch to eat atomic waste pollutant

LL crucified your career with 'The Ripper Strikes Back'

I slice you from ear to ear, who's the Jamaican in the body bag?

[Canibus]

Rip the Jacker quantum creator, the quasar quaker

So many layers I can't demonstrate it on paper

My melodic emulators cut you down with trachea lasers

Of deeply deposited argon vapors

My every verse is a psychic institutional burst

I choose which layer to listen to first

At the peak of the Bell Curve, earthquakes make me misspell words

But loud and clear my every verse is well heard

They barely understand you

The unseen hands that sample you and command you, it's quite puritanical

Henry Louis Gates Jr. said I was a lyrical computer

A great leader of a spiritual movement

Homo Noeticus student, the cosmic human

Homo Evolutis, divine rulers from a digital future

I'm a poet not a puppet, I spit these rhymes without a budget
With more infinite rhymes than cousins
Non-periodic comets, halotolonian bubbles in solidified rock deposits
When you take the time to unearth what I did
You will witness infinity, every verse is a bridge
Uneasy lies the head, my crown is too heavy for your men
The mixing board got a thousand channels plugged in
Music generated user generated mixing board entertainment
For you mental entrainment

[Canibus]

The mic on my arm is symbolic for a knowledge bomb
Celestial arms spiral into viral columns
I was betrayed the moment you were born
And more often than not I say it in my songs
All day long I talk about Lyrical Law
I reserve the right to say whatever I want
If God kisses your face and the Devil kissed your ass
Then how come you ain't got no goddamn cash?
The breakaway civilization, generation on blast
The human population is reduced to ten percent of the half
For those who love to laugh
Bolides collide with incoming craft
The geography is nanoscopic nano-typography
If you don't understand don't mock me
The midnight lyricist with a one thousand bar cylinders
A Ripper's lyricism is unlimited

[Canibus]

The opening mechanism for the Sphinx is behind the ears
But there is freedom behind your fears
I am the autistic King Ellipsis who broke the Ecliptic
But don't nobody wanna listen
After twelve I turned into a Rakim gremlin
Bare witness to my lyrical fitness
Paranoid chilling Bob Dylan, Hip Hop villain
Lyrical Law from the heart of the Dark Lizard King still spitting
Kill a gilla reptile with poisonous venom
Give 'em a poem in every embolism when the rhythm hit 'em
Bus 'em, punishes women and children, whoever wit' 'em
The illest alive, still living, still spitting
The audio master, blast you with a vocal sample trigger
I'm the illest, I'm the illest, I'm the illest
They got their plans and we got ours
Plus I got my own plans if something goes sour

[Canibus]

Fast acting bio hazard, my verse is a surface burst
Blasting and attacking and backtracking through a massive magnet
Global area with a bio location for rappers
Vocals powered by zero point magic motors
How many times you done this before Bis?
Created an album that some love but others dismiss

My air-apparent is trying to hijack Hip Hop
Using some fucked up mixing board spirits
Everything I've written for my brothers and sisters who still listen
This ain't no fricking fake reality vision
This a real mission, the real wheels of steel still spinning
I laugh, radio DJs ass kissing
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em
Beyond the absence of light is only blackness
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em
Beyond the absence of light is all blackness

[Canibus]

Two hundred bars, eleven minutes, eighteen bars per minute
Yeah, I still got it, can you fuck with it?
Superior rhymes recorded inside ethereal time
Uncontrived and alive by design
Tiger tooth Spiderman diving off the roof
Smile, it's the truth when I'm rhyming over loops
I'm in a spaceship minus the roof
Yeah, a real spaceship, something I designed in my youth
Let the world know the truth,
That I designed iller records than you
I wrote, produced and recorded and released a lot more records than you
Just thought that I should get more credit than you
'Cause I'm better than you
See, you can lie to me but don't lie about me
Is that all you got? No wonder you grouchy
My lyrics sound horrible, your voice sounds lousy
So why you still be up on radio talking 'bout me?

[Canibus]

Catchphrase me if you can, nobody rhyme like Javelin Fangz
I grab the mic with pure knowledge in my hand
Jump off the bridge, you fake niggas scram
I'll strangle you with dreadlocks and my bear hands
Take you to the ground, release no release, I'm a beast
Run out of wind? I'll hit you with the piece
One, two, three deceased
It's already chaos going on in the streets, it's just you and me
I'ma make you eat everything you said about the kid
Hip Hop's one of those things I'm proud I did
I respect your whole catalog and what you've said
And I'ma share your legacy with the one's who care
They say, "Hip Hop is the greatest story never told"
Imagine what it'd look like at a hundred years old
You can't use mind control on a timeless soul
An emcee's lyrics defines his role

[Canibus]

Close encounters with the poetic Buddha
Outside Infinity City, with programmable life-form producers
The Grand Deception, that's what it was
The idea of aliens or anatomical subs

For dinosaurs that feed off our flesh and blood
They worship the Sun, put you to death if you run
The serpent from Eden at Glen Rose, Texas museum
What's the meaning? They lived alongside human beings
Visible photography blends with lomography lens
They can't copy, no matter how they pretend
The Canibus Man, is just apocalypse in a can
But Rip the Jacker spreads soundscapes across the land
Constant to your death signals, Hip Hop jingles
I could literally kill you with a Hip Hop single
SEI is now online, the next verse reverse time
I can float a pound of steel with my mind
Tesla shield designed, obsessed with unlocking my mind
'Cause there is no stopping my kind
The photons of life phase conjugation on the mic
My rhymes re-materialize as light
The lost unified field theory of Maxwell
They know I rap, but they didn't know I rap that well
I can't deceive you, the truth is out there for the people
The lies are transparent to see through
I dream the galactic green, the Northern Lights in the skies
Uninhibited by the jet stream
God is within me, God is within you too
And together we will find the truth
They said "You ain't the same Rip, Canibus, Poet Laureate"
But you never check what Germaine think
Project CC-gate spit, comet sized "C" spaceship
They so shocked they didn't say shit
Lyrical Law is all about the lyrics
And it goes a little something like this, hit it